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PUTNEY BRIDGE AND FULHAM.

Our cut presents a view of Fulham from the water, and part of Putney Bridge, at the gay season of the year, when thousands and thousands of the votaries of pleasure love to resort to that favourite locality.

It is, however, not only the "mechanical sort" that show a marked love for the neighbourhood of Fulham; the bishops of London have for ages had a palace there, and the heads of the church, profoundly skilled as they are in all that is connected with a better world, have never been proved bad judges of what is truly desirable in this!

The parish of Fulham is a large one, so large, that many of its inhabitants—especially in former days—could not without considerable inconvenience attend the church. So great was the evil, that it appears from a document still preserved in the MS. library of Lambeth Palace, to have become the subject of a presentment, in which the subscribers prayed that the parish might be divided. The date of this prayer is not given, nor the answer, if any, returned to it. It will, however, be seen from the following resolution, for the comfort of those whom it may concern, that in any arrangement which might be made for promoting the spiritual instruction of the people, the rights of the church were not likely to be overlooked.

"At a vestry, the 15 April, 1661. Wee the inhabitants of Hammersmith, in the parish of Fulham, whose names are here under written, doe certifie and assure any whoms att present itt doth, or hereafter may concerne, that the sufferinge of Hammersmith chappell doore to be opened on Easter day now ensuinge, anno Dom. 1661; upon a reasonable cause showne att present, is not intended, nor shall be interpreted by us, as any prejudice to any of the rights, dues, privileges, that belonge to the church of Fulham, nor as any president for the future in the particular forementioned, to infringe or breke the custome of shuttingt up the doores of Hammersmith chappell on Easter day, that the inhabitants there might then resort to the church of Fulham by way of acknowledgement that they belong to that church. In witness whereof wee subscribe our names, Will. Chalkhill, Thos. Whicehead, Rich. Rauson, Robert Bulten, Matthew Fowler, D.D., Henry Bradbury, churchwarden, Francis Tirrel, and John Parsons, overseers of the poor; Thos. Ufman, Robert Barton."

In the neighbourhood of Fulham, having crossed the bridge to Putney, several scenes and objects of interest may be visited. Some important transactions were witnessed there during the Civil Wars.

The parliamentary army remained at Putney for some time, and there framed propositions for the future government of the kingdom, and sent them to the king at Hampton Court.

West, bishop of Ely, and Thomas Cromwell, earl of Essex, the *protégé* of Wolsey, were born at Putney. The church, originally a chapel of ease to Wimbledon, was erected soon after the Conquest, but almost rebuilt in the time of Henry VII.

The bridge which connects the two parishes is of wood; all passengers crossing pay a toll. It was built in 1729, at an expense of £23,975.

JOHANN GOTTLIEB FICHTE.

This eminent German philosopher, whose work "On the Nature of the Scholar and its Manifestations" has lately appeared in an English dress, is comparatively but little known in this country. Some passages of his life, from the memoir furnished by his translator, Mr. W. Smith, will, we are persuaded, be read with more than common satisfaction.

He was born about the year 1760. His family was connected with trade, but he was intended for the church, and at the age of eighteen entered the university of Jena. Here he was so perplexed by the discussions which he witnessed, that he became anxious to abandon the study of theology for that of philosophy. The death of a benefactor, just then, greatly embarrassed him; and with a view of becoming a village pastor in Saxony, he applied to the president of the consistory, soliciting a share of the support bestowed on many poor students at the Saxon universities, to enable them to continue their studies. The disposition, however, previously manifested on his part, was of course anything but favourable to the success of such an appeal:

"In May, 1788, every prospect had closed around him, and every honourable means of advancement seemed to be exhausted. The present was utterly barren, and there was no hope in the future. It is needful that natures like his should be nurtured in adversity, that they may discover their own strength; prosperity might lull into an inglorious slumber the energies for whose appearance the world is waiting. He would not disclose his helpless situation to one of his well-wishers; but the proud consciousness of his own worth enabled him, amid unmerited sufferings, to oppose the bold front of human dignity against the pressure of opposing circumstances. It was the eve of his birthday. With unavailing anxiety he had again

pondered all his projects, and found all alike hopeless. The world had cast him out,—his country refused him food—he thought his last birthday was at hand; but he determined that his honour—all that he could now call his own—should remain unsullied. Full of bitter thoughts, he returned to his solitary lodging. He found a letter awaiting him; it was from his friend, the tax-collector Weiss, requesting him to come immediately to his house. He there placed in Fichte's hands an offer of a tutorship in a private family in Zurich. The sudden revulsion of feeling in the young man could not be concealed, and led to an explanation of his circumstances. The offer was at once accepted; and, aided by this kind friend in the necessary arrangements, he set out for Switzerland, in August 1788."

Happier days were now his. He made many important friends, his future prospects were bright, and he thought of matrimony. At the close of his engagement at Zurich, he had left that place for Leipsic, where he studied the Kantian philosophy; and in March, 1791, it was arranged that he should return to Zurich to marry. The intended bride he loved with ardour; but his correspondence with her was not in the ordinary style of love letters. One specimen, rich in feeling, we transcribe:

"Dearest, I solemnly devote myself to thee—consecrate myself to be thine. I thank thee that thou hast thought me not unworthy to be thy companion on the journey of life. I have undertaken much: one day—God grant it be a distant one!—to take the place of thy noble father; to become the recompense of thy early wisdom, of thy childlike love, of thy steadfast virtue. The thought of the great duties which I take upon me, makes me feel how little I am. But the feeling of the greatness of these duties shall exalt me; and thy love, thy too favourable opinion of me, will lend to my imperfection all that I want. There is no land of happiness here below—I know it now—but a land of toil, where every joy but strengthens us for greater labour. Hand-in-hand we shall traverse it, and encourage and strengthen each other until our spirits—oh, may it be together!—shall rise to the eternal fountain of all peace. I stand now in fancy at the most important point of my earthly existence, which divides it into two different, very different, portions—and marvel at the unseen hand which has led me through the first, dangerous part, through the land of perplexity and doubt! How long had I despaired of such a companion as thou, in whom manly dignity and female tenderness are united! What if I had contented myself with some decorated puppet of thy

sex? That being who rules all things was kinder to me than, in the feeling of my unworthiness, I had dared to wish or hope;—I was led to thee. That being yet will do more for me. We shall one day, oh dearest, stand again at the partition-wall which shall divide our *whole* life into two parts—into an earthly and a spiritual;—and then shall we look upon the latter part of the earthly, which we shall have traversed together, as we do now upon its first part; and surely we shall then too marvel at the same wisdom which now calls forth our wonder, but with loftier feelings and with clearer insight. I love to place myself in that position."

Who without emotion can read the outpourings of such a mind? and who without deep regret learn that the fondest hopes of such a man were doomed to be blighted, almost in the moment of fruition? The day of his departure was fixed, when a bankruptcy brought ruin upon him. He was obliged to commence the world anew. This he did with cheerful resignation. His struggles with poverty were long and trying, but at length fortune again cheered him with her smile, and he gained a tutorship in the family of a kind and generous patriot at Dantzic. In 1793, when his publications had already sent his name far abroad, he received, at Zurich, the best gift of his life, in the hand of Johanna Rahn, the woman of his heart.

It was not long ere he was generally looked upon as the man who was to complete the philosophy of Kant; and in 1794, he was unexpectedly appointed professor *supernumerarius* of philosophy at the university of Jena:

"He arrived at Jena on the 18th of May, 1794; and was received with great kindness by his colleagues at the university. On the 23rd, he delivered his first lecture. The largest hall in Jena, although crowded to the roof, proved insufficient to contain the audience. His singular and commanding address, his fervid, fiery eloquence, the rich profusion of his thoughts, following each other in the most convincing sequence, and modelled with the sharpest precision, astonished and delighted his hearers. His triumph was complete;—he left the hall the most popular professor of the greatest university in Germany."

His attempts to reform the discipline of the university embroiled him with the more turbulent of the students, and eventually he withdrew. Some of his writings having incurred the reproof of the ducal court, he threw up his professorship, and sought an asylum in Prussia, where he employed himself in giving to the world the ultimate and finished results of his studies in a series of publications. In 1804, he declined an invitation from Russia to as-

sume the chair of philosophy in Charkow—and one from Bavaria to the same chair at Landshut: in 1805, he filled the philosophic chair at Erlangen. On the success of the French arms in Prussia, in 1806, he devoted himself to the service of his country; and earnestly solicited permission to accompany the armies to Prussia, in a character somewhat resembling that of the prophets of old. The glowing patriotism of his heart thus expressed his purpose.—

"If the orator," says he, "must content himself with speech—if he cannot fight in your ranks, to prove the truth of his principles by his actions, by his contempt of danger and of death, by his presence in the most perilous places of the combat—this is only the fault of his age, which has separated the calling of the scholar from that of the warrior. But he feels that, if he had been taught to carry arms, he would have been behind none in courage; he laments that his age has denied him the privilege accorded to *Æschylus* and *Cervantes*, to make good his words by manlike deeds. He would restore that time if he could; and in the present circumstances, which he looks upon as bringing with them a new phase of his existence, he would proceed rather to deeds than to words. But since he may only speak, he would speak fire and sword. Nor would he do this securely and away from danger. In his discourses he would give utterance to truths belonging to this subject with all the clearness with which he himself sees them, with all the earnestness of which he is capable—utter them avowedly and with his own name—truths which should cause him to be held worthy of death before the tribunal of the enemy. And on that account he would not faint-heartedly conceal himself, but speak boldly before your face, that he might either live free in his fatherland, or perish in its overthrow."

Victory having conducted Napoleon to Berlin, Fichte withdrew to Königsberg; and received the appointment of provisional professor of philosophy during his residence in that city. When the battle of Eylau rendered his residence in Königsberg no longer safe (for he sternly refused submission), he removed to Copenhagen; and, on the conclusion of peace in 1807, returned to Berlin. Here, he was selected by the government to share in its plans for reconstructing the temple of German independence; and delivered, on his own instigation, in furtherance of the same intention, his celebrated 'Addresses to the German People,' in the midst of much danger to himself—his voice being often drowned by the trumpets of the French troops. On the opening of the new university of Berlin, in 1810, with a body of

teachers such as Wolff, Müller, Humboldt, De Wette, Schleiermacher, Neander, Klapproth, and Savigny, Fichte was, by the suffrages of his fellows, unanimously elected rector; and laid, during his two years of office, the foundation of that character which the institution still maintains—of being one of the best-regulated schools in Germany. The reverses sustained by the French arms in Russia having encouraged Prussia to shake off a foreign yoke, the youth of the country were called upon by royal proclamation to arm for her liberties; and Fichte continued to sound the scholar's trumpet from his academical chair.

"Fichte died as he had lived—the priest of knowledge, the apostle of freedom, the martyr of humanity." He had lived in all things as he would have wished to live, and he died as he would have chosen to die. His story thus concludes:

"The vicinity of Berlin to the seat of the great struggle on which the liberties of Germany were depending, rendered it the most eligible place for the reception of the wounded and diseased. The hospitals of the city were crowded, and the ordinary attendants of these establishments were found insufficient in number to supply the wants of the patients. The authorities, therefore, called upon the inhabitants for their assistance, and Fichte's wife was one of the first who responded to the call. The noble and generous disposition which had rendered her the worthy companion of the philosopher, now led her forth, regardless of danger, to give all her powers to woman's holiest ministry. Not only did she labour with unresisting assiduity to assuage the bodily sufferings of the wounded, and to surround them with every comfort which their situation required, and which she had the power to supply; she likewise poured words of consolation into many a breaking heart, and awakened new strength and faithfulness in those who were 'ready to perish.' For five months she pursued with uninterrupted devotion her attendance at the hospitals, and, although not naturally of a strong constitution, she escaped the contagion which surrounded her. But on the 3rd of January, 1814, she was seized with a nervous fever, which speedily rose to an alarming height, so that almost every hope of her recovery was lost. Fichte's affection never suffered him to leave her side, except during the time of his lectures. It is an astonishing proof of his self-command, that, after a day of anxious watching at the death-bed, as it seemed, of her he held dearest on earth, he should be able to address his class in the evening, for two consecutive hours, on the most profound and abstract subjects of human speculation,

uncertain whether, on his return, he might find that loved one still alive. At last the crisis of the fever was past; and Fichte received again the faithful partner of his cares, rescued from the grave. But even in this season of joy, in the embrace of gratulation, he received the seeds of death. Scarcely was his wife pronounced out of danger, than he himself caught the infection, and was attacked by the insidious disease. Its first symptom was nervous sleeplessness, which resisted the effects of baths, and the other usual remedies. Soon, however, the nature of the malady was no longer doubtful, and during the rapid progress of his illness, his lucid moments became shorter and less frequent. In one of these he was told of Blücher's passage of the Rhine, and the final expulsion of the French from Germany. That spirit-stirring information touched a chord that roused him from his unconsciousness, and he awoke to a bright and glorious vision of a better future to his fatherland. The triumphant excitement mingled itself with his feverish fancies:—he imagined himself amidst the victorious struggle, striking for the liberties of Germany:—and then again it was against his own disease that he fought, and power of will and firm resolution were the arms by which he was to conquer it. Shortly before his death, when his son approached him with medicine, he said, with his usual look of deep affection, 'Let it alone; I need no more medicine; I feel that I am well.' On the eleventh day of his illness, on the night of the 27th January, 1814, he died. The last hours of his life were passed in deep and unbroken sleep. Fichte died in his fifty-second year, with his bodily and mental faculties unimpaired by age: scarcely a grey hair shaded the deep black upon his bold and erect head. In stature he was low, but powerful and muscular. His step was firm, and his whole appearance and address bespoke the rectitude, firmness, and earnestness of his character. His widow survived him for five years. * * In the first churchyard from the Oranienberg gate of Berlin, stands a tall obelisk with this inscription:—

THE TEACHERS SHALL SHINE
AS THE BRIGHTNESS OF THE FIRMAMENT;
AND THEY THAT TURN MANY TO
RIGHTEOUSNESS
AS THE STARS FOR EVER AND EVER.

It marks the grave of FICHTE. The faithful partner of his life sleeps at his feet."

Women, who seldom study logic, or observe its rules in discourse, are generally more ready and conversational than men.

THE SMUGGLER OF FOLKSTONE

A TALE OF TRUTH AND FICTION.

By EDWARD PORTWINE.

CHAPTER I.

Cumlin, raising a glass of port to his lips, drank to the future success in life of his new friend Poynder. The company followed his example in silence. The look with which Margaret regarded her platonic advocate was enigmatical to our painter. He bowed most cordially to all; but when he gazed on the lovely being next him, he perceived a slight quivering of her full coral lips, which caused him a thoughtful moment.

"And now, sir," cried the squire, "let us finish this argument, for I must across the mountain early this evening."

"When you so kindly interrupted me, sir," said Poynder, addressing Cumlin, who smiled blandly on him, "I intended to add that the eras and the climes of song, of eloquence, of taste, of genius, possess a delightful interest in the hearts of mankind. They seem to have an ethereal, spiritual character, and we cherish their memory among our most tender and hallowed recollections. The creations of genius in the arts seem to give a reality, a permanent existence, to the bright and splendid dreams of youthful fancy, and these dreams are what of our years we most love to dwell upon. Works of art always maintain their empire, since the imagination, which is the same in all generations, discovers in them the full and beautiful accomplishment of its lofty aspirations, its ardent searchings, its mysterious operations. Thus to the present and to future ages they will ever possess an indescribable charm, and will consecrate, in the affections and admirations of all men, the land that contains them, and especially that land that produces them. I have now done; I thank you most sincerely for the attention you have paid to the remarks of one enthusiastically attached to the arts and sciences, believing as I do that they are the greatest aids to the development of men's best powers, and calculated, if cultivated with judicious aims, to elevate and bless mankind."

The impression left on the minds of the party by the simple and truthful expressions of the youthful painter, was indeed highly favourable. Every person admired the energetic eloquence with which he had conveyed his opinions, and the unaffected modesty of his demeanour.

Cumlin extended his hand, and gave Edmund a general invitation to his house; and squire Barnard for once yielded to the better feelings of his nature, and ex-

tended to the young man a pressing invitation to inspect the collection of paintings and sculpture at the Hall, in order that he might receive fresh inspiration to delight his friends by contemplating new objects of interest.

Poynder answered to the first invitation with feeling, and accepted the latter with pride and satisfaction.

The gardens now exhibited a deserted appearance. The squire rose and prepared to take his leave. He approached Miss Cumlin with mock respect, and in a whisper congratulated her on the valuable acquisition she had obtained in the handsome stranger, which sneer was resented by that lady, who turned from him with indignant contempt. She evaded his evident desire to escort her to the carriage, by passing her arm through Poynder's, and bowing proudly to the discomfited squire and his companion.

The moon now shone with extreme brilliancy, lighting all around with the broad glare of day. Group after group were perceived strolling along the road, on the slope of the mountain, a dangerous carriage way; on the north side the steep hills, and on the south a rapid declivity, terminated by a quickset hedge. Our party had attained half the distance seated in their carriage, which was capable of holding six persons. Miss Jackson, Miss Gettings, Margaret, Hamish, and Cumlin, were seated in the vehicle, which proceeded slowly up the road from the gardens. Sarson, Poynder, and Waldron, were walking behind the carriage, conversing with the young ladies, while Barnard and Stanley were perceived behind mounted on their steeds.

Whether from a diabolical design or from accident, their horses set off at full gallop; on, on they came, with fearful speed. When within a few yards of the carriage which contained our party, Cumlin's horse became restive through fright occasioned by the noise, turned suddenly, and before we can relate it, the carriage was upset, and down, down fell the vehicle, bearing with it the precious freight, excepting Cumlin, who lay extended on the road, stunned by the first turn. Poynder and Sarson, who had hold of the back of the carriage at the time of the upset, were dragged with it to the bottom, stopped only by the quickset hedge, into which horse, vehicle, and passengers, were hurled with a fearful concussion. The spectators were struck with horror at the accident. No one supposed that any would survive the fall. When, however, the extent of the injuries was known, the spectators felt relieved from the anxiety occasioned by the incident.

Poynder and Sarson had received no in-

jury; and being dragged with the vehicle, were the first to relieve the insensible unfortunates. The first rescued was Hamish, whose head appeared crushed by coming in contact with the hind board of the carriage and the earth on its last revolving. Fortunately, only his steeple-crowned hat suffered. The young women had fainted, and, with the exception of a disarrangement of their dresses, they received no other damage. Stranger still, the horse was unhurt, which lay on his back quietly until released. The carriage was slightly injured, which rendered it unfit to convey the lovely burdens home. The young ladies were conveyed back to the gardens, accompanied by a large concourse of spectators.

The first person Margaret recognised when consciousness returned, leaning over her with fond anxiety, was her father, who had been much alarmed by the accident. "How do you feel, my love? are you injured?" inquired Cumlin, with great emotion.

"I feel confused, dear father. It was a terrible accident; how did it happen?"

"Never mind that, my dear, if you are not hurt," returned her parent, a deep shade passing over his features.

"But, my father, are my friends Affery, Jane, poor Hamish, and others, injured?"

"Not one of them hurt, but much scared. Hamish escaped with his hat crushed, which has given him great uneasiness."

"Where are they, dear father?" asked Margaret.

"The young ladies are in the next apartment, and will come to you as soon as you are able to see them."

Margaret rose from the couch, and, with the exception of intense nervousness, she was uninjured. The young friends entered, and congratulated each other on escaping with so little injury from so horrible an upset.

"But where is our new friend Mr. Poynder? Hamish and Waldron, have they returned home without a thought of us?" inquired Miss Cumlin.

"Oh, no," answered Miss Gettings, "they were all extremely anxious about us. Poynder and Waldron extricated us from our terrible position, while Hamish stood by, stupefied, and incapable of any exertion."

"And those horses whose hoofs resounded in my ears just before the occurrence, to whom did they belong? did they cause the fright to our steed?"

"Yes; Waldron, who was here a few moments, stated that he believed squire Barnard and his friend only intended to frighten the numerous pedestrians and horsemen; but when they observed the lamentable result of their conduct, their

horses became ungovernable, and they were quickly out of sight and hearing."

"Indeed," replied Margaret, "their conduct was not only senseless but cruel, and it might have led to fatal consequences. I detest such practical jokes."

"What think you of their not returning after the occurrence?" asked Miss Jackson.

"Think! it was unfeeling, and betrayed an utter want of sensibility, if not humanity; I cannot forgive such heartlessness," replied Miss Cumlin, with indignant feelings.

"Nor we," rejoined her auditors. The door now opened, and Cumlin appeared to lead his daughter; but no persuasion could induce the terrified girl to enter it; and after some time, Cumlin gave up the task. Poynder and Waldron were in the coffee-room as the party passed out to the gardens, and with much warmth congratulated the young ladies on their providential escape.

"Oh, ladies," exclaimed Edmund, "had you not been insensible, you would have shuddered at the position you were placed in by two men, who ought to account for their conduct. By heaven, if I—"

"Hold, Edmund," cried Waldron, "this is an affair that appertains to me, and I will take an early opportunity to learn whether the report is correct, which ascribes the occurrence to the wilful conduct of Barnard and Stanley."

"If Barnard or Stanley are guilty," rejoined Edmund, "no consideration shall induce me to forego that chastisement which they deserve."

"I implore you," cried Margaret, "not to be hasty in this matter."

"Hasty!" rejoined Captain Sarson, in a fury, "I'll teach them to play their practical jokes on a sailor; I have passed by quietly many sneers of these gentlemen, but let them beware how they come thwart those I protect; for, by all the winds of heaven, I will teach them, that punishment follows quickly on the heels of injury and insult."

"Enough," cried Cumlin, gloomily, "we will consult on the best method of punishing these individuals, if guilty. Now let us repair home. Margaret, take Mr. Poynder's arm."

Waldron started, turned pale, and bit his lips.

The old gentleman added, with kindly feeling: "I wish to walk with you, James, if you will permit me; the other ladies have their chaperons."

The company then repaired to the foot of the mountain in their progress to Folkstone.

(To be continued.)

STRAY NOTES ON THE CHURCHES AND CHURCH-GOERS OF WORCESTERSHIRE.

BY A RAMBLER.

GRIMLEY-CUM-HALLOW.—The high road from Worcester to Hallow and Grimley forms one of the finest natural terraces to be met with in this part of the country, looking down for several miles upon the rich valley of the Severn, and commands a bird's-eye view of the city and its approaches. On passing through the village, the neat and comfortable cottages, the well-trimmed gardens, the clean and tidy inhabitants who here and there looked forth from their windows or doors, all seemed to be under the influences of the day of rest; the smoke curled up cheerfully from the pleasant vicarage; and nothing, save the little bell from yonder sacred turret, broke upon the solemn silence of that morning. Being a little in advance of time, I took the opportunity of sauntering round the churchyard, and was much struck with the great ages recorded on the stones, the majority of them being from 60 to 80 years. The salubrity of this elevated spot seems to have been known as far back as the time of the Worcester Priory, when the monks—shrewd fellows—were in the habit of resorting to it for the sake of health and a prime "take" of fish from their preserve in the Severn, immediately below.

There is here a railed tomb to Sir C. Bell, the author of one of the Bridgewater treatises, who was born at Edinburgh, and died at Hallow Park in 1842. There is also a flat tomb to Mrs. Weaver, daughter of the fourth lord Mordington, with this pithy but eloquent epitaph—"Of worldly wealth she had but one small talent to account for, but her mind was well stored." A little, cheerful-looking old woman was standing in the doorway, engaged in ringing the bell, and as she apparently took some interest and amusement in my erratic movements, I took the opportunity of remarking to her on the apparent longevity of the inhabitants, as exhibited on the grave-stones. "Oh, ay," she observed, "there's not many young uns as goes off at Holla, and most o' them as dies comes from Broadheath." Having a great respect for that kind of *amor patrie* which induced the old lady to stickle for the honour of and credit of her native parish, I continued the conversation, and asked who was to preach on that day. "Why, our new vicar, to be sure," she replied in that peculiar tone which seemed to imply that I must have been living of late in the Hebrides or New South Wales, to be unacquainted with that fact. "Ah," said she, "he's reckoned a good churchman, and a

done a power o' good; and if he d'an't come, there's a many as 'll come for un."

By this time the vanguard of the village church-goers was seen slowly approaching the house of worship, and after I had watched the pleasing procession—for it was literally so—wind its way round the rustic lane and through the wicket of the yard, I joined in the rear, and with them entered the church. The interior is spacious, well lighted, and fitted up "most decently and in order;" there is a gallery round three of the sides, and a neat little organ at the western end. It appears by an announcement on the wall at the entrance that the church was rebuilt and enlarged in 1830, and contains six hundred sittings, three hundred of which are free in consequence of a grant from the Incorporated Society. There are necessarily but few ancient remains here, and those are confined to monuments to members of the Lygon, Hall, and Harrison family. The services commenced with the morning hymn, sung to the tune of the Old Hundredth; the organ was a grinder, but I have since had the pleasure of hearing that the instrument has been altered by the talented Mr. Nicholson, of Worcester, for manipulatory purposes, and that a volunteer artist from the *Chronicle* office has kindly rendered his gratuitous services in the management of Diapason and Co. for the space of a twelvemonth. In restoring the musical services of this church there must have been sacrifices made both by the minister and choir. This is as it should be, for it betokens something more than a lazy acquiescence in religious devotion. The minister, organist, and congregation, ought to go hand in hand in their endeavours to restore the fallen state of the church service to efficiency. They should also avoid the union of vulgar music with a variety of hymns treating rather of man than of God; and I trust the day is not far distant when this improvement will be completed by the national adoption of one uniform version of psalms—for till then it should be borne in mind that it is *improper* and *unlawful* to use in our churches any book in the worship of God except the Bible and the book of Common Prayer.

The clergyman who entered the reading desk was a young man who could not have seen twenty-five summers. Now, for my own part, I confess to a weakness in my choice of ministers, and at all times feel that I can abandon myself far more readily to the guidance and experience of the veteran soldier of God, than to the young recruit who has but just essayed the armour of his profession; yet, in the present instance, I must admit, the style of reading, the reverential deportment, and the grave solidity, far beyond the years of this young

curate, in a great measure got the better of my bias, and laid the foundation of the highest opinion of his worth, which I rejoice to say has since been strengthened. It is not because a clergyman may lay claim to the high sounding title of "honourable and reverend" that I would award him one iota of approbation—the appendage is frequently but the result of accident or caprice—but I must say that I look with pride and pleasure upon so young a man who foregoes the advantages of rank and high society, and voluntarily seeks and cheerfully toils through the awful responsibilities of the clerical profession. And if properly attended to, how laborious are its duties! From organising all the machinery of public worship and parochial education, to visiting the poor, the sick, and the dying. A modern writer has well said—the reward of him who faithfully and conscientiously chooses and performs such a part will be great; still we must not lose sight of the present self-denial it imposes on a young man who enters upon it from, perhaps, the agreeable society of a city or a college; for though it has deep responsibilities, humanly speaking, there is no excitement in its duties. The weekly services to the same simple congregation, the parochial visitings, amongst an humble, and perhaps, an ignorant people, the painful instruction of the young, are all occupations—serious and important as they are—without novelty, display, ambition, or excitement—without any of those varying, vivifying qualities that have charms for the young worldly mind. A man of family—I mean a man with a family—has his family cares and family affections to attach him in some degree to a place; but with the young curate it is one of self-denial, to which at times it must be hard to discipline the roving and aspiring nature of man.

At length the vicar mounted the pulpit, and gave out his text from Matthew iv., 23—and here I have no objection to favour my readers with a brief abstract of the scope and intention of this sermon. It was not, he said, too much to assert that the institutions which Christian benevolence has reared in our land have raised Britain to a prouder rank among the nations of the earth than the triumph she has acquired by her arms. The rev. gentleman then went on to show the duty and the reward of charity, quoting St. Basil, who says, "I have known many who have fasted and groaned, and prayed, and expressed all kinds of costless piety, who yet would not part with one doit to the afflicted." The practice of indiscriminate charity, however, he observed, could not be too highly censured, while the regular support of established charities could not be too warmly

commended, more especially of such an institution as the Infirmary, whose object and advantages, whether in the conservation of life and limb, the extension of medical and surgical knowledge, or the protection of public health, was worthy of all praise. During the century which the Infirmary had now been founded, no less than 115,000 patients had been relieved; the average number of in-patients during the past year had been 95; out-patients, 250; 659 cases of accident had also been admitted, and 21 surgical operations had been performed within the same period. The requirements of the establishment now were—to extend the wards, to build a fever ward, to add to the number of baths, to arrange a library and museum, and to obtain a more convenient board-room. Added to these indispensable requirements was the fact that for several years the income of the institution had been several hundreds less than the expenditure, and thus a pretty strong case was made out for the generous assistance of every one who had a heart to feel and a hand to give.

Here's a pretty sentence of excretion upon the rambler, thought I; for the last five Sundays having regularly drawn as many shillings from my pocket, on behalf either of Sunday schools, the Infirmary, or the sufferers at Quebec, and naturally conjecturing that the plethora of charity had now subsided, I had come to Hallow with nothing but a solitary sovereign in my pocket, not dreaming of another call. It will perhaps scarcely be credited, yet it is nevertheless true, that a gentleman, who was recently taking a tour among his friends in Worcestershire, chanced to hear, for four or five consecutive Sundays, a sermon on the "Prodigal Son;" till at last, fancying there was something in all this beyond the natural course of events, which it would be sinful on his part to oppose, he resolved to "arise and go" home to his friends. So I began to look upon these repeated charity sermons as a tax upon my absenteeism, but rather than pass by the good-humoured churchwarden at the door, I resolved to stay in my seat, and after the collection was made and the congregation dispersed, to go and offer my mite when there was a probability of getting change for the inconvenient coin I had in my pocket. In the act of doing this, the vicar, probably recognising an old face he had seen occasionally in the streets of Worcester, and mistaking me for a superannuated curate, entered into a conversation which resulted in an invitation to partake of luncheon at the vicarage. This I accepted, but must now throw a veil over the generous hospitality and the kind consideration which this happy and well regulated domestic group awarded to me—a perfect stranger. Hav-

ing a wish to attend the afternoon service at the old parish church of Grimley, I reluctantly took my leave of this interesting family, having a few minutes to spare for the purpose of going over the allotment grounds which are in this parish laid out for the labouring families, under the auspices of the vicar. Having seen much of the beneficial working of this system in Somersetshire, under the bishop of Bath and Wells, I have become somewhat enthusiastic in its favour, and take a deep interest in its progress. I am delighted to hear that in this parish the allotment system works most admirably—a rood of land being easily cultivated at spare hours, and by the younger children, and furnishing vegetables for the family, straw for a pig, and about five bushels of corn for grinding, besides inducing habits of regularity, industry, and economy, giving at the same time the day labourer an interest in the soil, and preserving him from the snares and temptations of the beer-house, and generally ameliorating the condition of the poor man—preserving regularity, good order, and good feeling, throughout the parishes. My own idea is, that the rood ought to be divided into three parts, and occupied as follows:—One-third, potatoes; one-third, cabbages, beans, peas, onions, carrots, &c.; and the remaining portion to wheat, barley, or grain of any sort. Thus every necessary for a family would be in due season provided; and if, for instance, potatoes failed, other roots would supply their place. I hear that the rental of these allotments is at the low rate of two pounds per acre, and that the payments are made most regularly.

The little antique church of Grimley wears a rude and primeval appearance; its rough walls are whitewashed, and the bell tower (which was constructed when the article of oak was a matter of no consideration) seems inclined to break its contract with the rest of the building, in conformity with the tendency of the present age to effect a split in the church. The interior is so plain and unpretending that I saw nothing worthy of notice but a solitary "hatchment," an oak chest that was probably made in the reign of the first Norman, and a few remains of ancient stained glass in the east window. The spot, however, is not without interest: we read of the church of Grimley having been given, more than a thousand years ago, to the church of Worcester, by Bartwolf, king of the Mercians, before he was expelled his country by the Danes; and pope Nicholas, in the twentieth year of his pontificate, mentions the church of Grimley, with that of Hallow depending on it. At the dissolution of the Worcester priory the benefice was given to the dean and chapter; but at the present

moment, in consequence of certain exchanges, it is in the hands of the bishops of the diocese.

The congregation, I observed, was a very thin one, and I have since ascertained that a feud about pews, in the time of the late vicar, had tended much to reduce the numbers of the church-goers of Grimley, but surely the inhabitants of this place have too much good sense to bring down the effects of that feud upon the heads of the present vicar and his most active and efficient curates. A new tower, I hear, is projected for this church, which, when completed, will afford much greater accommodation for the inhabitants, when a new distribution of seats will probably take place, and thus I trust remedy all existing evils. The services were conducted by the same young clergyman of whom I have before made mention; a party of rustics (inclosed in a little gallery like a jury-box, assisted by an interesting looking young lady and the organist of Hallow (who, by the bye, showed that he was as *au fait* at vocalism as at instrumentation) led on the harmony of the afternoon; but a malicious old gentleman with a clarionet, being as I supposed annoyed at the infusion of more juvenile vigour into the choir, spent his few remaining energies in showing his younger competitors, by the tones of his instrument, that their interpretation of church music was something different to his. Oh, that clarionet! save me from clarionets, all ye sextons, clerks, and choral faces! The only definition I can give my readers of the peculiar line of melody adopted by my ancient friend with the clarionet is that given by a certain man upon his son's vocal powers. This youth, it seems, having a wish to cultivate the noble art of singing, was wont every Sunday to repair to a garret for that purpose. His father on one occasion, happening to ascend to a higher story in the house than usual, overheard the youth, measuring his octave distances, sevenths, and so on. In a great rage he called his son down, and after thrashing him heartily, roared out to the astonished boy—"You scoundrel, then, how dare you *saw boards* on the Sabbath!" I had the satisfaction of hearing that the clarionet player was ordered to desist, and left the church with the instrument under his arm, pretty broadly hinting that in consequence of his defection all was now lost to the harmony of Grimley church.

On my return home I passed through Hallow park—a beautifully wooded estate overhanging the Severn, where stands the mansion now occupied by major general King, and which has for centuries belonged to the Lygons. The scenery from this spot is of the richest and most lovely description—it is, in fact, one of the fairest

flowers in the garden of Worcestershire. From a charter order book of the city of Worcester (date 1575), it appears that queen Elizabeth chose this spot for hunting purposes, killing two bucks here during her royal visit to Worcester; on which occasion her majesty's horses and geldings to the number of 1500, were depastured on Pitchcroft; and the local historian in his own graphic language observed, "thanks be to God, amongst the said great number of horses and geldings, not one horse or gelding was either stolen, strayed away, or perished." The peculiar adaptation of this locality for sporting purposes is recognised in the present day, if I am to judge from the scores of young men who regularly on each returning Sunday plant themselves on the edge of the Severn hereabout, to amuse themselves by disentangling their fish-hooks from all kinds of river weeds, under the idea that they are—*fish-ing*! Would not some one of the "City Mission," or a church clergyman whose labours are not remarkably heavy, do well to pass up the river in a boat for a few Sundays, and take on hand the backsliders on both banks! He would assuredly in that case aptly assume the character of "a fisher of men."

With regard to the moral and religious condition of the widely extended district in which Hallow, Grimley, and Broadheath, are comprised, I have a word or two to say. A chapel of ease was established at the latter place in 1831, which contains two hundred sittings, one hundred and fifty of them being free. This place of worship is, I hear, generally well attended by the numerous poor families round about. The services alternate with those at Grimley; the evening services for the winter are given up—the present vicar wisely considering that the cause of morality is by no means advanced by encouraging night assemblages of the youth of both sexes in secluded country districts. With regard to scholastic establishments, there would appear to be no lack: first, there is the endowed free school at Hallow, of which the endowment is about 100*l.* per annum. This establishment, I believe, might be made much more efficient. Secondly, there is the Sunday and daily school, with a lending library attached, the mistress being paid by subscription. Thirdly, daily and Sunday National boys' and girls' school at Grimley, the expenses of which are jointly defrayed by endowment, subscription, and children's pence; and fourthly, the daily and Sunday National boys' and girls' school at Broadheath, on the same footing as the last mentioned. There is a chapel at Broadheath belonging to the countess of Huntingdon's persuasion; it was built in 1825, but is now very thinly

attended. There was a Baptist chapel at Hallow, but it is now taken by the vicar at a yearly rental for a daily and Sunday girls' school. Excepting a few Plymouth brethren at Hallow, who attend a chapel in St. Nicholas-street, Worcester, there is no other trace of dissent in this district. There are but four public and two beer-houses in all the three places.

Although by the sketch I have given above it would seem that the souls of the inhabitants have been tolerably well cared for, I wish I could say the same of their bodies. From what I have heard of the poverty and discomfort existing round about Broadheath I have almost been induced to turn "Commissioner" for the *Chronicle*, and expose some of the cruelties and oppression here practised. While the wages to agricultural labourers are as low as in the frequently quoted county of Dorset—say, on the average 8s.—I have seen cottages, only fit for the tenancy of pigs, rented at from 5*l.* to 7*l.* or 8*l.* per annum. How these poor wretches manage to raise such sums, after keeping large families, or how they will raise them in the present winter, with the failure of their staple food, I cannot conceive. I shudder to think of the tremendous curse which the book of holy writ launches against him who oppresses the poor—who layeth on grievous burdens, and will not be entreated though they and their little ones are dying of hunger. Surely, but a brief time separates such from their eternal reward.—*Worcester Chronicle*.

DR. KITTO, THE DEAF TRAVELLER.

The inconveniences to which a deaf sojourner in a foreign land is subjected, are amusingly pictured in the following history of a day passed in or near the Turkish capital:—

"I was staying at the village of Orta Khoi, on the Bosphorus, about six miles above Constantinople, of which it is one of the suburbs, and was in the frequent habit of going down to the city and returning by water. One morning, on which I had determined to go, it threatened to rain; but I took my umbrella and departed. On arriving at the beach, it appeared that all the boats were gone, and there was no alternative but to abandon my intention, or to proceed on foot along a road which manifestly led in the right direction, at the back of the buildings and yards which line the Bosphorus. I had not proceeded far before it began to rain, and I put up my umbrella and trudged on, followed, at some distance behind, by an old Turk in the same predicament with myself: for it

should be observed, that at and about Constantinople the people are so much in the habit of relying upon water conveyance, that there is less use of horses than in any Eastern town with which I am acquainted. Nothing occurred till I arrived at the back of the handsome country palace of Dolma Baktshe, the front of which had often engaged my attention in passing up and down by water. Here the sentinel of the gate motioned to me in a very peculiar manner, which I could not comprehend. He had probably called previously, and in vain. Finding that I heeded him not, he was hastening towards me in a very violent manner, with his fixed bayonet pointed and directed towards my body, when the good natured Turk behind me, who had by this time come up, assailed me very unceremoniously from behind, by pulling down my umbrella. After some words to the sentinel, I was allowed to pass on under his protection, till we had passed the precincts of the imperial residence, where he put up his own umbrella, and motioned to me to do the same. By this act, and by the signs which he had used in explanation of this strange affair, I clearly understood that it was all on account of the umbrella. This article, so useful and common in rainy climates, is an ensign of royalty in the east; and although the use of it for common purposes has crept in at Constantinople, the sovereign is supposed to be ignorant of the fact, and it may not on any account be displayed in his presence, or in passing any of the royal residences. That day I was detained in Pera longer than I expected; and darkness had set in by the time the wherry in which I returned had reached Orta Koi. After I had paid the fare, and was walking up the beach, the boatman followed and endeavoured to impress something upon me, with much emphasis of manner, but without disrespect. My impression was that they wanted to exact more than their fare; and as I knew that I had given the right sum, I, with John Bullish hatred at imposition, buckled up my mind against giving one para more. Presently the contest between us brought over some Nizam soldiers from the guard-house, who took the same side with the boatmen; for when I attempted to make my way on, they refused to allow me to proceed. Here I was in a regular dilemma, and was beginning to suspect that there was something more than the fare in question; when a Turk, of apparently high authority, came up, and after a few words had been exchanged between him and the soldiers, I was suffered to proceed. As I went on, up the principal street of the village, I was greatly startled to perceive a heavy earthen vessel, which had fallen with great force from

above, dashed in pieces on the pavement at my feet. Presently, such vessels descended, thick as hail, as I passed along, and were broken to shreds on every side of me. It is a marvel how I escaped having my brains dashed out; but I got off with only a smart blow between the shoulders. A rain of cats and dogs, is a thing of which we have some knowledge; but a rain of potters' vessels was very much beyond the limits of European experience. On reaching the hospitable roof which was then my shelter, I learned that this was the night which the Armenians, by whom the place was chiefly inhabited, devoted to the expurgation of their houses from evil spirits, which act they accompanied or testified by throwing earthen vessels out of their windows, with certain cries which served as warnings to the passengers: but that the streets were notwithstanding still so dangerous that scarcely any one ventured out while the operation was in progress. From not hearing these cries, my danger was of course two-fold, and my escape seemed something more than remarkable: and I must confess that I was of the same opinion when the next morning disclosed the vast quantities of broken pottery with which the streets were strewn. It seems probable that the adventure on the beach had originated in the kind wish of the boatmen and soldiers to prevent me from exposing myself to this danger. But there was also a regulation preventing any one from being in the streets at night without a lantern: and the intention may possibly have been to enforce this observance, especially as a lantern would this night have been a safeguard to me, by apprising the pot breakers of my presence in the street."

Reviews.

New London Magazine.

This clever magazine has many attractions this month in the lighter walks of literature. Zachary Gobbletop tells us an amusing story about Christmas in the olden time, when amusements and games used to cause sides to crack with laughter, and emulation to obtain the smile of some favourite belle. But those days are gone by—those games are forgotten. Innovation has knocked a hundred amusements on the head, leaving scarcely anything as a memento of old Christmas. After a pleasing enumeration of the various games in which our forefathers amused themselves, we are introduced to the "Bachelor's Encyclopædia of Practical Economy," which throws out many useful hints; and to "Bachelor's Enjoyments," which are not depicted in the most alluring aspects,—half-shri-

velled *célébrateurs*, who, afraid of being scorched by the rays of a pair of black, blue, or grey eyes, gaze in contemplation on the Isle of Dogs. As Christmas is fast approaching, the following is *à propos*, and no doubt will amuse:

CHRISTMAS IN THE COUNTRY.

"And why? perhaps the reader will ask—why not Christmas in London? Because, we are sorry to say, it has become a mere mockery. There is all the outward and visible sign of rejoicing, it is true, and great feasting and drinking, but very little real, honest, heartfelt merry making, or good fellowship. There is the feast, but not the spirit of festivity. In fact, Christmas in London is a very dull affair indeed; a mere conventionality, kept up more out of custom than from respect to the advent it is intended to celebrate, or the sacred bond of love and unity by which, as christians, we are supposed to be united by it. If we were to describe Christmas-day in London as an annual festival on which everybody dines with everybody—with the exception of the few unhappy somebodies who know nobody to dine with—we believe we should give a pretty correct account of it; but in the country—aye, in the country, Christmas reigneth yet, rejoicing as freely as in days of yore. In-doors and out, in the drawing-room, the hall, and the hovel: on the snow clad mountains, and in the verdant hedges, Christmas is gladsome still. It is not Christmas for a day or a week, but for a season. It is the very pantomime of happiness—it begins seriously, and gradually changes to mirth and joviality, till it becomes happiness run mad, purely from its own intensity. It is full of wit and humour, fun, frolic, and buffoonery; and at the same time there is a vein of something serious running through it that gives a value even to its excess of frolicsomeness. What more is it?—a question that we will answer by filling up the outline with a few hasty sketches. It is Christmas-eve, and here we are taking our 'ease at our inn,' and musing solitarily over the years that have flitted past us. Many winters have cast their snowy reminiscences of Christmas on our head, but, though old in years, we are yet young in heart and bodily vigour. Christmas eve again!—what a host of recollections rise up before us! We look back upon others and ourselves; we retrace all the events of our past life; we review all the sorrow and suffering, all the quiet happiness and sudden bursts of joyousness that we have experienced, and at last we come back to the time present, and ask ourselves whether we are 'a wiser or a better man.' And, answer how we may, it is a fine thing to have this ques-

tion thus forced upon us. There is a sort of mysterious influence about the time which seems to affect us strangely. 'Tis the advent of Christmas, and in the country too; far removed from the noise and riot of the busy haunts of men—an eve so calm and quiet that you hear naught save the clicking of the embers that are throwing out their genial warmth upon you: you hear nought but——eh? surely there are 'strange noises in the isle,' and the 'air is full of sweet sounds!'

—Let us go out and reconnoitre. What a glorious night, and how the heavens seem to glow heavily with lustre! But where are we?—in the little town of Dawlish—one of the most delightful spots along the coast of Devon. Dost know it, reader? If so, perhaps you can remember the long sweep of lawn, with houses on each side, that runs from the old village down to the sea, and a magnificent prospect it commands, too, of sea and sky bounding the horizon. On a stilly night like this, you may saunter along that lawn and dream away the hours undisturbed; or, listening idly to the roaring of the waves, you may fancy—but hark! those sounds again! music and song—eh? Why one would think it was a gale night; see how the houses on either side the lawn are gleaming with light! aye, and it is there from whence those sweet sounds are stealing. Looking up at such a sky as there is above us, one might almost fancy it the music of the spheres; but, no; that would be better music than the 'Ivy Green,' or 'The light of other days,' indeed, we want nothing better than the light of the present night, though truly—'if the town was lit up with gas it would be a great improvement;' psha! those two shopkeepers over the way are disturbing our meditations—let us stroll on. Rooms lit up, and music everywhere—a welcome to the coming morrow, and to the season of festivity and rejoicing generally that is to be met with in the country everywhere, and among all classes, even the most humble public houses; and very good singing too, such as——. Here is a sample of it now, 'The winds whistle cold,' as correctly sung as if the spirit of Hullah presided over the performance. In fact, a Londoner would hardly credit the rapid stride that vocal music is making in the provinces. Among mechanics it has become an established evening's amusement, and you can scarcely go into a schoolroom, in one of the smallest villages, without finding that, even there, it forms one of the principal branches of education. Another glee, eh? 'The Red Cross Knight!' Well, in a few years, we shall be able to discover whether or not there is any national talent for music in us. But we were talking about Christmas—fancying ourself renewing,

this year, the eve we last spent in the country, aye, and the night too, when, after being soothed like ocean's child, into a gentle slumber by the lullaby of the waves, we were awakened at midnight by the waits under our window. More music, both vocal and instrumental! and then a formal benediction upon everybody in the house. 'They will expect to be paid for it,' you say. And so they ought; and we do not see that the circumstance of the pecuniary claim at all diminishes either the goodly spirit or the beneficial nature of these fine old Christmas observances, which may be considered as a sort of preparatory warning, bearing almost the mysterious impress of some strange dream—a thing to wake up and think of in order that when you cast off the bed clothes in the morning, you may, at the same time, get rid of all the weight of ill-will, and selfishness, and worldly-mindedness, that you had been hugging yourself up in during the last twelve months, and so meet your fellow man, if only for one day, in a full, free, and unencumbered spirit of hearty love and brotherhood. You will tell us, perhaps, that we are reading a homily; we cannot help it—Christmas is holding a volume of old carols up before our eyes, and it is impossible to resist the temptation of peeping into the pages. Well, now, here is something that will, perhaps, suit you a little better—we have now come to *Christmas Day* in the country. Hark! hear you those bells?—some near, some distant, others more distant still. Ha! ha! how merrily they ring—flinging a joyous peal of melody into the sunshine, to be caught up and carried on, undoubtedly, till earth, sea, and sky seem tingling with excess of happiness! Nobody is allowed to be unhappy to-day—to-morrow you may be as miserable as you like—but to-day there can be only one thing that will vex any one, and that will be some mishap to some worthy housewife's plum-pudding—a very trivial affair indeed, certainly, but still good cooks are very jealous of their reputation—and we have known a mishap of this sort to the Christmas cheer cast a cloud over the brow of many a buxom dame, so thick and murky that it has taken the strongest displays of sunshine from every luminary around the table before it could be dispelled. What a bustle the good folks are in at all the farm-houses! such preparations; setting out the tables in the kitchen, decking the walls with holly, and adorning the ceiling with an enormous branch of mistletoe. Some of the family stop at home to attend to domestic matters, and the rest go to church. What greetings there are, both going in and coming out, under the ivied church porch, and how beneficent the pastor looks when

he glances down upon the happy faces around him, and concludes his sermon with a blessing more than usually fervent! How the rich and the poor seem, that day, to be put upon a footing of equal good fellowship, passing the compliments of the season between each other, as if mutually conscious that it was a time when all conventional distinctions of rank and wealth should be thrown aside as mere fooleries, if not something worse; and what a friendly giving and taking of benefits, as a mere matter of right and duty, there is between them. It would be a disgrace to let anybody want the means of comfortable subsistence, and even something like enjoyment, at Christmas, and the meanest-minded professor of wealth feels himself compelled to do something for his poor neighbours. And a glorious thing it is, too, even for those of the most obtuse feelings to be thus brought to a consciousness of the good they might do and ought to do. Well, here they are, with happy faces, all wending their way homewards—the young folks hastening forwards in anticipation of the good cheer and the merrymakings that await them, and the elder ones following at a more sober pace, thinking of the number they have seen, and perhaps stopping to pay a passing tribute to the memory of some old friend or relative, now under the green sod sleeping, who, but a little while ago, was a happy and welcome guest at their Christmas carousals. Sad thoughts and recollections will intrude even when at what seem to be most unfitting seasons, but—well, let such sad things pass; the time is one of joy and gladness, and a melancholy face at a Christmas board would be a very appalling spectre indeed. Well, here we are in the old farm-house again! How the embers on the hearth blaze up and crackle as if determined to give up to everybody a warm and hearty welcome, and what a host of guests—grandfathers, grandmothers, uncles, aunts, cousins, sweethearts, and old friends—are clustered round it! while a host of youngsters of both sexes are gathered together in the recess of yonder window, talking over a world of juvenilia with a degree of secrecy, gravity, and intensity of interest that a council of cabinet ministers might take pattern from them. And see, the door opens—'dinner!' That little cabinet council is completely upset. How they watch the dishes as they are brought in and placed on the table, and what a bustle there is among both old and young about the propriety of places! And now they are all seated, what a noble picture the table and its guests present of old English hospitality and good cheer! Homely enough, truly; but the substantiality and superabundance of the fare make up for the homeliness. Super-

abundance of health does not require delicacies to whet the appetite; and the turkey, and the chine of pork, the fowls, the roast beef, the plum pudding, and the mince pies, are found to possess such attraction that the dinner is very summarily disposed of. Then the circle is again formed round the hearth, and the wassailing begins—the mighty bowl of ale and roasted apples, the home made wine, the liqueurs, the cakes and sweetmeats, the fruit, and the chestnuts ripe for roasting, while for the old farmer and his brethren of the plough there is a goodly supply of pipes and tobacco. How they sit, and smoke, and chat, and laugh and tell old tales, and quaff bumpers of good liquor to each other's health and to those of absent friends! and how happily the children are sporting round them roasting chestnuts, or nestled near the hearth telling each other tales, and talking over scenes of pleasure and happiness either bygone or to come. Evening draws on apace, and the hilarity becomes heightened. Tea being over the Christmas sports begin; the song, the dance, the game of blindman's buff, or forfeits, and the tribute to the bough of mistletoe, sealing all the fun and frolic with a kiss. And after supper, the song and dance again, or else a ghost-story from each one around until there needs another wassail bowl to dispel the frightful fancies thus created, and then—to bed; it may be, not till morning. The next day, and for many days afterwards, there is 'open house', for all comers—nothing but visiting and receiving visits, while festivities of a more refined, but not less joyous nature, are being held at every country seat and mansion throughout England; and of these, would time and space permit, we might attempt a description; but we hope that, even in this brief sketch, we have already said enough to convey to our readers something like a reminiscence of '*Christmas in the Country*.'

The Sporting Magazine.

[E. Dipple, London.]

A cheap periodical, containing the sporting occurrences of the month. The whole is profusely illustrated by wood-cuts of a very superior description, all of which are illustrative of some sporting occurrences of the day. The sketches are racy, and the biographical notices concise and pleasing. Among the biographical notices of this month we have one of George Osbaldeston, Esq., with a full length portrait. The article is striking, and, like its accompanying ones, pithy and free in style.

GEORGE OSBALDESTON.

"The 'Old Squire'—old in years but green in spirit—here stands before us.

When Dan O'Connell boasted himself as 'the best abused man in all Europe,' he did not foresee the 'ballyraggin,' that would fall to the share of the subject of our sketch, because he kindly consented to accept the office of 'referee,' on the occasion of an important pugilistic contest, when other gentlemen declined the thankless appointment. However, the 'old squire' has energy mental and bodily to laugh at his assailants and impugnors. He did his duty faithfully, in an unpleasant and unenviable position, and the 'mens conscia recti' supports him, in his indifference to aspersion and slander. Losers will grumble, it is their privilege, and it must be left them. Whether we regard Mr. Osbaldeston as an accomplished shot, a follower of the chase, the turf, or the road, he has few equals. It has been jocosely said of him, that he must be 'copper bottomed,' or he could never have stood all his work in the saddle—we allude to his celebrated feat at Newmarket, of riding two hundred miles in eight hours and forty-two minutes. But we wish to give him no super-human advantages. He is (in point of labours) a sort of modern Hercules, and his name will live when those of prouder title are forgotten. As a true British sportsman, Mr. Osbaldeston stands unrivalled; and no matter what the game is, he is sure to be at it. With him no season is too long, nor does any pass away in anxious expectation of the next. 'Carpe diem,' seems to be his motto, and in 'summer's heat and winter's cold' he is ever in active employment. What a life of exertion he has led! having hunted all the best countries in England—Nottinghamshire, Leicestershire, Lincolnshire, Northamptonshire, part of Warwickshire, and had a turn in the rural Hambleton country in Hampshire. By hunting a country we do not mean finding the 'wherewithal,' and being simply the 'magnus Apollo' of the field, like many masters of hounds—but we mean the actual physical labour of hunting a pack of fox-hounds, an attempt which many have made and but few succeeded in—and in this department no days have ever been too long for him, nor have they come too close together. 'Good stuff,' they say, is put up in small 'bundles;' and this is the case with Squire Osbaldeston, who, under the middle stature, has the strength and pluck of two single gentlemen rolled into one;—and long may he enjoy it."

The Gatherer.

Dialect of the Bilston Folk.—The dialect of the lower order here has frequently been noticed, as well as the peculiar countenance of the "real Bilston folk." We

noticed ourselves (upon the excursion) the following:—"Thee shatn't," for "you shan't;" "thee cost'na," for "you can't;" "thee host aff, surry, or oil mosh thoi yed fur thee," for "take yourself away, sirrah, or I'll crush your head;" "weear bist thee?" for "where are you?" "in a casulty wee loik," for "by chance;" with "thee bist, thee shonna," "you are; you shan't." A young woman turned round to address a small child crying after her upon the threshold of the hovel as she went off towards the mine, "Ah, be seized, yung'un if thee dosn't knoo' my bock as well as thee knooast may fee-as." Some of the better apparelled, who affect a superior style, use words which they please to term "dick-sunary words," such as "easement, convinoiated, abstimimious, timothy" (for timid). One female in conversation with a crony at the "truck shop" door, spoke of "Sal Johnson's aspirating her mon's mind soo'a, and 'maciating his temper," and "I never seed a sentiment o' nothin-bod till it took Tum all at once!" (sentiment here used for symptom), speaking of indisposition.—*Wanderings of a Pen and Pencil.*

A woman well bred and taught, furnished with the additional accomplishments of knowledge and behaviour, is a creature without comparison. Her society is the emblem of sublimer enjoyments; she is all softness and sweetness, love, wit, and delight.—*De Foe.*

Christian Daring.—It was an old custom, said to be received from the Romans, that on the first of January every bishop should present the king with some handsome new year's gift in the shape of gold or silver plate, money, or, in fact, anything the taste or liberality of the donor suggested: Latimer, however, when bishop of Worcester, among the rest presented a New Testament for a new year's gift, with a napkin having this posy about it:—"Fornicators and adulterers God will judge!"

Goody Langston of Bilston.—"What a primitive old creature," said my companion, as an octogenarian female of dwarfish stature, her face (like a shrivelled apple under the exhausted air-pump) smothered with the frill of a clean mob cap, and shaded by the brim of a primeval milking bonnet, crossed the highway towards an humble cottage. "She did not recognise me," said I, "or we should have had a 'yarn' which would only have been spun with the declining day. It is the noted Goody Langston, who by hard-work with her deceased husband at the coke hearth, with the aid of a small legacy, retired into yonder cottage, with a memory and tongue untrusted by lengthening years, and with a comfortable £800 in the 'safest bank she

know'd.' My friend the doctor once called upon her; she was in her chamber upstairs, groaning piteously beneath the bed-clothes. 'I canna live, never in noways; noo, I canna; and it's no use a' talking. Oh, lurd, what sha'n I do, what sha'n I do?' 'Hallo, dame!' said the visitor, who had entered unperceived, 'what's all this about? come, none of this sad piece of work; cheer up, and we'll know what's the ailment, and see if we can afford relief.' 'Oh, what shol I do! what shol I do! here I be taen bod, and canna see to nothin', and nobody in the world to come nigh me; and I ha'na brewed, Lord, I ha'na brewed, and I got never a sup o' drink in the house,' (the old lady was celebrated for an excellent glass of home-brewed). 'Well, you'll soon be better, and then you can brew, but don't you harass yourself about it so grievously now; what occasion for it?' 'Oh, think of this now—wo would come to my funeral, and never a sup o' merry-go-down in the house; wo would?' Some time since she made her will, and I was present; she was then apparently near to death; the scene was in the same apartment. She was arranging her funeral in presence of ourselves, the clergyman, and the attorney. The debate was as to the mourning draperies: at last she resolved, and rising from the pillow, with much energy she exclaimed, 'last wik I seed a funeril goo down street, and the chaps had hat bonds, and scarves, and I thote to my'sen as they'd a pritty look wi' em; and so I'n ha the seam; and set em down.' *Wanderings of a Pen and Pencil.*

A Tempting Offer.—When Miss Mellon (afterwards duchess of St. Alban's) was playing *Constantia* in 'The Chances,' at Plymouth, and on her saying, 'Now, if any young fellow would take a liking to me, and make an honest woman of me, I'd make him the best wife in the world,' a young midshipman, who was sitting athwart the boxes, called out with an oath, in great rapture, 'I will; and I've two years' pay to receive next Friday.'

Many years ago, not far off, a certain justice was called to jail to liberate a worthless debtor, by receiving his oath that he was not worth five dollars. 'Johnny,' said the justice, as he entered, 'can you swear that you are not worth five dollars, and never will be?' 'Why,' answered the other, rather chagrined at the question, 'I can swear that I am not worth that amount at present.' 'Well, well,' returned the justice, 'I can swear to the rest; so step forward, Johnny.'

Newspaper Eloquence.—There has been a mighty advance, of late years, in the talent and whole staple of our periodical literature. The very newspapers teem

with eloquence of highest order—inasmuch, that were one to compile now a volume of extracts, under the titles of *Beauties* or *Specimens of British Classics*, he need not be at no loss to find editorial articles in some of our leading journals, which out rival the finest paragraphs of Johnson, or Milton, or Addison. They are precisely such effusions as might be expected from the highest minds, lured into the service of great capitalists and proprietors, by offers of the highest remuneration; and so, if the subject happened to be one which they have mastered and thoroughly studied, with all its bearings, we are presented with compositions which, in respect of matter, are characterised by deep and sound philosophy, and which, in respect to style, charm and even astonish the reader, by the magical powers and combinations of a most fertile phraseology. Even on subjects which they have not studied, but on which they are called to write by the present exigencies of the day, if they often fail in apprehending the just and true principles of the questions at issue—still, in the course of their rapid and extemporaneous sentences, are we as often presented with the impressive plausibilities and salient features of the argument.—*Dr. Chalmers in the North British Review.*

Classification of lunatics is one of the most important ameliorations that has of late years been introduced into the treatment of the insane. In former times, the inmates of these houses were either secluded in solitary cells, or were allowed to mingle together promiscuously. The judicious classification of the insane has a remarkable effect in promoting recovery. The first object is the total separation of dangerous lunatics from others, or injuries will be inflicted on patients, and perhaps the house ignited. Restless, noisy, and agitated lunatics, who would annoy and irritate the more tranquil, require separate wards and airing grounds. A separate suite of apartments ought to be provided for those patients who are dirty in their habits, and insensible or indifferent to the calls of nature. Melancholic, or dejected patients, should be separated from those of their own condition, as they contemplate with horror the probability of being reduced to a state of dementia: and having a greater tendency to suicide than others, they require a more vigilant inspection.—*Dr. Winslow's Edition of the Lunatics' Act.*

The Same Thing.—'Did you ever see the queen?' said an Englishman to Pat. 'The quain!' he replied: 'faith, I cannot say I ever saw the quain; but I have an uncle that once very nearly saw the duke of York.'

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